

The TATLER


Vol. CLXXIV. No. 2270

and BYSTANDER

London
December 27, 1944



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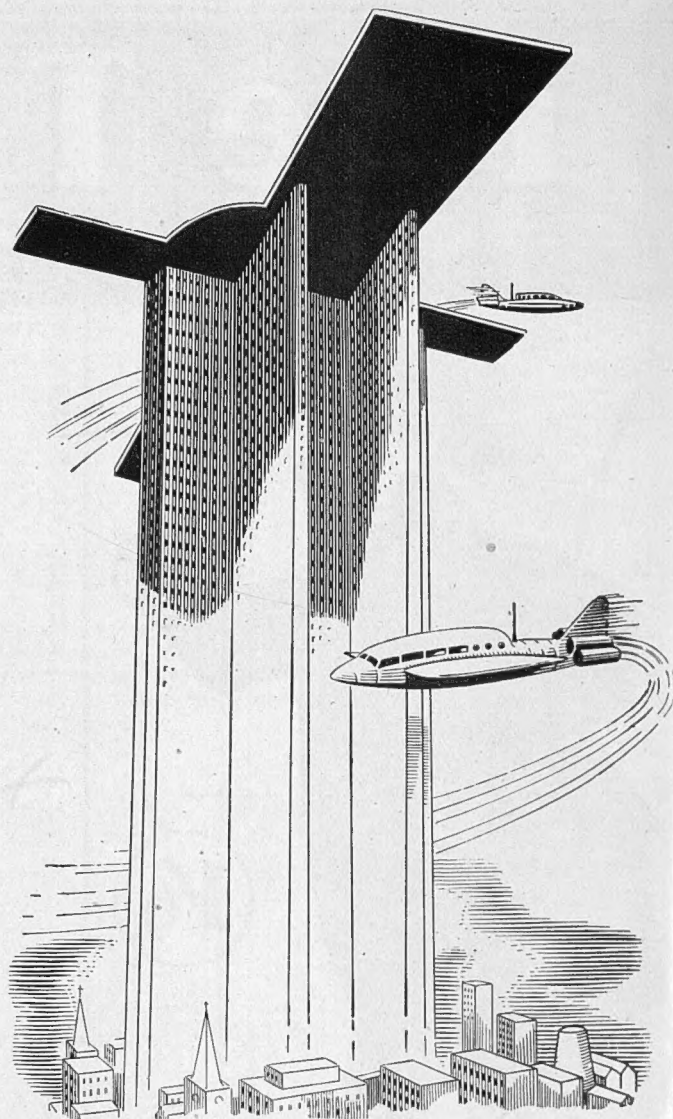
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LONDON

DECEMBER 27, 1944

and BYSTANDER

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Hay Wrightson

Many Happy Returns to Princess Alexandra

On December 25th, Christmas Day, Princess Alexandra, only daughter of the late Duke of Kent and the Duchess of Kent, celebrated her eighth birthday. This charming photograph of the Princess shows her in the dress she wore as bridesmaid at the recent wedding of Lt.-Colonel H. P. Phillips and Miss Georgina Wernher



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Sabotage

THERE is little doubt that the Greek situation, which has been the cause of great anxiety to the British Government, and of so much misunderstanding among so many people, can be directly attributed to German machinations. The object is plain to see; the Germans decided quite some time ago that if Allied victory was to be inevitable, they must do their utmost to sabotage it. From the moment that they set foot in Greece it was German policy to set Greek against Greek. They endeavoured to do the same in France and Belgium and Holland, but it appears that so far they have been more successful in Greece than in any other land which has known the terrors of Nazi occupation.

Every devilish trick was practised by the Germans, but the most interesting has been the way that the Germans played on the feelings of Trotsky Communists. They used these Trotskyites as a cover and even succeeded in sowing dissension among the Communists themselves. Every form of bribery and corruption and plot was used to achieve a depth of unhappiness and degradation in the fair land of Greece.

Efforts

OBVIOUSLY the Government were aware of much of the German game, but not all. It seems not to have been appreciated how far the Germans would be able to play on the individuality of the Greeks. The flying visit of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, on the orders of the Prime Minister, was to ensure that General Scobie was receiving all the assistance that he required to crush the revolt. It was left to Mr. Harold Macmillan, the British Resident Minister in the Mediterranean area, to use every effort at his command to produce a solution which would ensure an end to anarchy and the restoration of peace and prosperity to Greece.

In M. Papandreou, the Prime Minister, and General Plastiras, the exile from France, who was Greek Prime Minister before the war, Mr. Macmillan had two stalwart associates. At first it was thought that General Plastiras would be the man best able to form a strong Government representative of all parties. Then choice fell on Archbishop Damaskinos, a man of blameless record whose conduct throughout the German occupation was an inspiration to the majority of Greeks, most of whom have suffered too much from hunger and poverty to desire any direct part in the fighting which has been going on around them. Obviously Archbishop Damaskinos was not anxious to assume the premiership, if only for his preoccupations as Metropolitan of Athens. But he made it clear that if nobody else could be found he would do his utmost to restore sound government to the country. Archbishop Damaskinos is a man more than six feet tall, with immense courage and sterling character.

Experience

His labours in Athens were just another problem for Mr. Harold Macmillan after his experiences in Rome where he assisted in the formation of an all-party government under Signor Bonomi. But Mr. Rex Leeper, the British Ambassador, has lived with the Greek problem ever since King George of the Hellenes took his Government to Cairo. In the House of Commons some extremists found the opportunity to criticize Mr. Leeper.

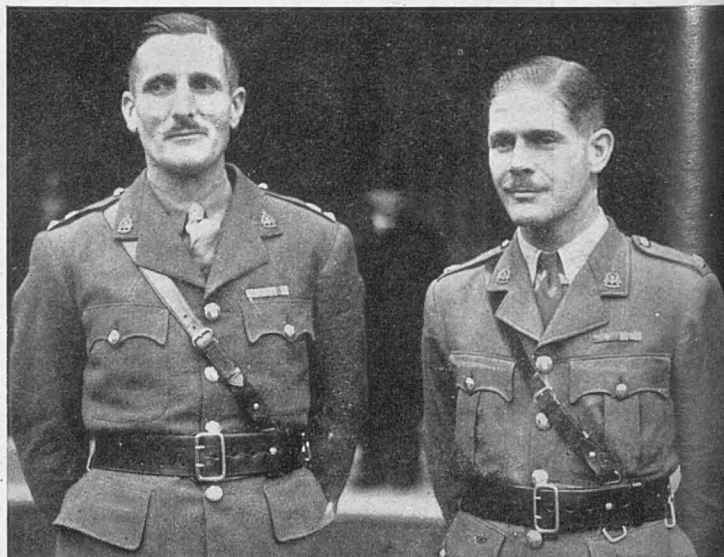
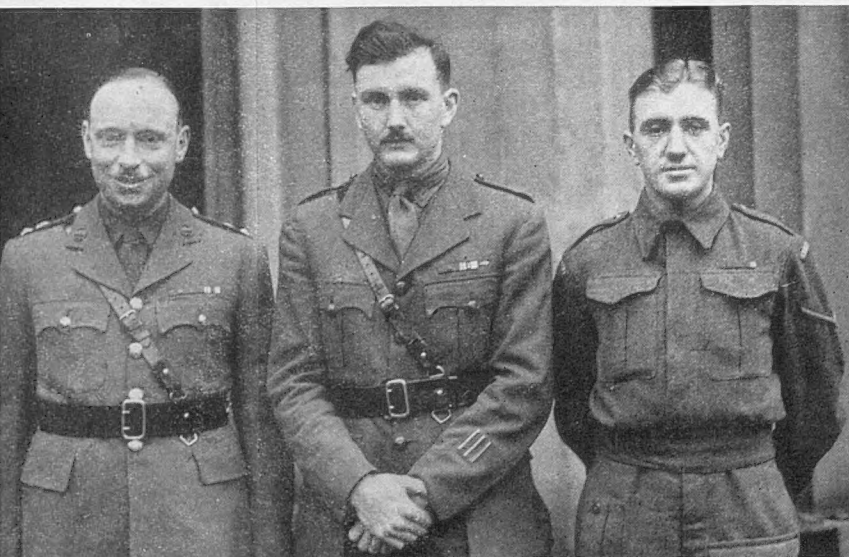
First he was supposed to be an ardent leftist, and then he was accused of being a reactionary. Actually he is a mild-mannered man, with a quiet-speaking voice and a capacity for great effort. He is an Australian by birth, and at the end of the last war he was mixed up in the diplomatic problems of Soviet Russia. For a long time he was head of the News Division of the Foreign Office. At the outbreak of the war

he was nominated to be British Minister in Bucharest. The Rumanians, however, joined the Axis and Mr. Leeper was given special work in one of the secret departments of the Government. His elevation to the rank of Ambassador attached to the Greek Government was a promotion long overdue; and while the extremists have done their utmost to besmirch his reputation he has plenty of friends in Whitehall who know him to be a conscientious and hard-working diplomat.

Influence

MR. ERNEST BEVIN added to his reputation when he faced the Labour Party Conference and announced his responsibility for, and support of, the Government's policy in Greece. The extremists led by Mr. Aneurin Bevan did their utmost to swing the conference round to their emotional outlook on the problem, and it needed the sound common sense and rugged honesty of Mr. Bevin to show them how wrong such a switch would be. Mr. Bevin has all the characteristics of John Bull. He is fearless and fair in all his dealings. For him the fact that the leaders of E.A.M. signed an agreement to work under M. Papandreou for the restoration of law and order in Greece and then went back on their signatures was sufficient. All his life as a trade union leader has been based on the sanctity of agreements. His organization of Britain's manpower during the war has been an outstanding achievement which is not fully appreciated as yet. The Prime Minister went out of his way recently to tell the junior ministers of his Government that but for Mr. Bevin's work at the Ministry of Labour we might not have won the war.

Mr. Bevin's future is a matter of considerable speculation. When he joined the War Cabinet he announced that he intended to remain in politics for the duration of the war, and not a day longer. Lately he has changed his mind. If the Labour Party joins in another Coalition after the General Election next year, it will be because of Mr. Bevin's influence. He believes that there must be national unity for a number of years to come if Britain is to steer a steady course through the problems of the peace years. At Westminster there are some who believe that Mr. Bevin may yet be Prime Minister, but it is difficult to conceive how this might come about. He has never sought to become leader of the Labour Party. He is first and foremost a trade unionist. It is more



The King Presents Three V.C.s and Two George Crosses at an Investiture

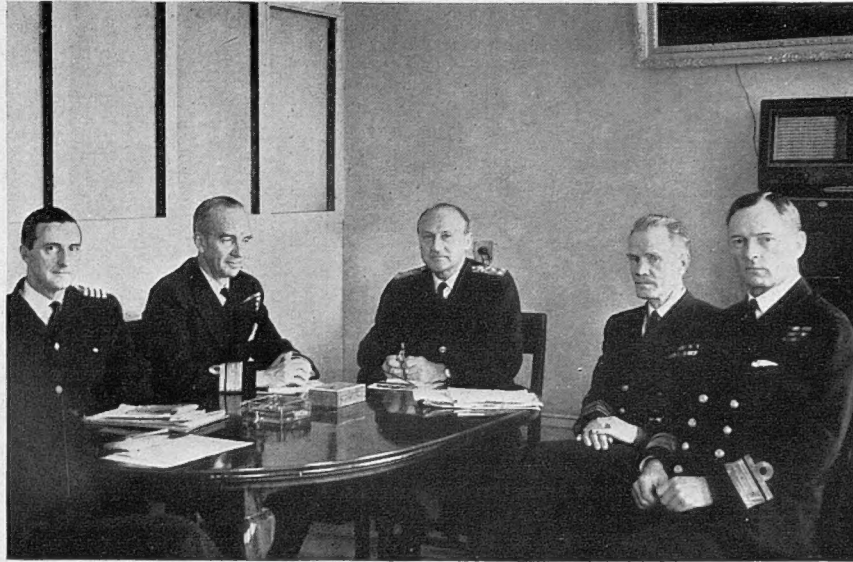
Three V.C.s receiving their awards were: Lieut.-Colonel H. R. B. Foote, for outstanding gallantry in 1942, Major Richard Wakeford, for his great courage, leadership and devotion to duty near Cassino, and Lance-Corporal F. A. Jefferson, for great gallantry also in Italy

The King also decorated Lieut.-Colonel Robert Jephson Jones, R.A.O.C., of Exmouth, Devon, and Major William Eastman, R.A.O.C., of London, at the Buckingham Palace investiture. They were both recipients of the George Cross



Naval Officers in Conference

Rear-Admiral G. E. Creasy (centre) with Capt. G. V. H. Fawkes, Chief Staff Officer (Operations), and Capt. G. C. Phillips are seen planning future operations against the Japanese. Rear-Admiral Creasy received the C.B. for distinguished services in planning of Allied landings in Normandy



Naval Allied Commander and Some of His Staff

This picture was taken at the headquarters "somewhere in England" of Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Allied Naval Commander, Expeditionary Force. Round the table are: Capt. M. J. Mansergh, Rear-Admiral W. G. Tennant, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Capt. L. A. Thackray, United States' Navy, and Rear-Admiral J. W. Rivett-Carnac

likely that if the Labour Party is insistent on maintaining its separation from the Conservatives after the election, Mr. Bevin will remain in the Government in some leading capacity. Contrary to general knowledge, Mr. Bevin is a keen student of foreign affairs and is a close friend of Mr. Anthony Eden. They work well together, for they appreciate each other's qualities.

Traveller

MR. RICHARD LAW, the Minister of State attached to the Foreign Office, must have travelled across the Atlantic more times than any other member of the Government during the war. He gets on well with the Americans and is almost as much at home in Washington as he is in London. His wife is an American, and he himself worked on a New York newspaper before he entered politics. The announcement by Lord Halifax that Mr. Law would be going to Washington for conversations with Mr. Edward Stettinius caused some surprise; it can only mean that there is not likely to be a meeting between Mr. Churchill,

Marshal Stalin and President Roosevelt for some time to come.

This does not necessarily rule out a meeting of the three leaders some time in the New Year, after President Roosevelt's inauguration. But it does suggest that the meeting cannot take place as soon as Mr. Churchill and his supporters would like it. Since the Greek trouble started the feeling has increased in the House of Commons that no opportunity should be lost in maintaining the closest co-ordination of policies. President Roosevelt's health has not been too good of late. He felt the strain of the presidential election campaign much more than was expected. For this reason it was not possible for him to meet Mr. Churchill before Christmas, as had been arranged.

Home

LORD TEMPLEWOOD, formerly Sir Samuel Hoare, is back home to resume his political activities, after relinquishing his post as British Ambassador in Madrid, which he has filled with distinction for the last four years. From Madrid, Lord Templewood has been in



Eighth Army's New Commander

Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery took over command of the Eighth Army from Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese in November. He previously commanded the Tenth Corps during the bitter fighting on the Salerno beaches and in the later advance to Cassino



Five Naval Awards at a Buckingham Palace Investiture

Capt. the Hon. Guy Russell, C.B.E., commanding H.M.S. Duke of York at the sinking of the Scharnhorst, received the D.S.O., and Lt.-Cdr. J. H. Crawford, Lt. G. W. Muirhead, Mr. K. W. Copley and Lt. H. Bates were awarded D.S.C.s for gallantry and distinguished service in the action

an excellent position to judge the workings of the German machine, and the state of Europe generally. It is more than a year ago that he warned this country that the fabric of civilization in Europe was wearing thin and that the war must be ended as quickly as possible if that which we were fighting for and believed in was to survive. The Greek troubles are a proof of Lord Templewood's vision, and therefore his contribution to the debates in the House of Lords on all matters of high policy should be invaluable.

At one time it was suggested that Lord Templewood would be given another Government post, but his friends say that he is not anxious for office at this moment. He wishes to rest for a time, but there is little doubt that he will be given a place in any Conservative Government which Mr. Churchill may form after the Labour Party has withdrawn from the Government.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Last Words on "Henry V"

By James Agate

THE most important film of the year has been the *Henry V* affair, my opinion of which has made me extremely unpopular with the "profession." At lunch the other day, with half the Ivy listening, a well-known Theatrical Figure started in to give me a rousing. The conversation then went something like this: T.F. "Don't you realize that Larry is the best actor this country has had for centuries?" J.A. "Never mind about centuries. Larry's a very fine actor. But he's not as good as the Old Man." T.F. "Irving was a first-rate man of the theatre but a ham actor." J.A. "How old are you?" T.F. "Forty-five. I saw Irving in *The Lyons Mail* at the age of five." J.A., fearing apoplexy, moved to another table. I had tried to explain to the Figure that my objection to this film is its attempt to live on two planes at once. I should have known better. The Figure began as an actor, and still remains one at heart. And the only plane any actor knows anything about is the one that takes him to Hollywood.

JUST as I was writing the last sentence a letter arrived from a young man in his teens saying: "I am surprised you didn't mention the 'flatness' of the description of Sir John's death, which we had just seen George Robey act far more effectively." This brings me to my senses. I now know that any way of dealing with Shakespeare outside the theatre must be a bastardization. I am not concerned that, to some minds, that bastardization may be an improvement. I personally don't want better sunset and sunrise than Milton's:—

So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

I think Tennyson did that cloud pretty well with his "looming bastion fringed with

fire." And I am sure that there is a type of mind, and I belong not to it, which finds a Technicolour view of these things more impressive than any words about them.

I, TOO, was struck by the seeming "flatness" of "a" babbled of green fields" after seeing Robey's pathetic death-scene. But it was only seeming. Which brings me to something my young letter-writer would probably find difficult to understand. Shakespeare did not show Falstaff's death on the stage. Whether Shakespeare dared or didn't dare, the fact remains that he didn't bring the old man on. And I think I can give the reason. Nobody lights a fire to put it out, and Shakespeare wasn't going to re-light that great candle which is Falstaff merely to snuff it. Then again, Shakespeare often prefers describing a thing to showing it. We don't see Lady Macbeth commit suicide, or Ophelia drown. If we did, it is possible that we should find Macbeth's "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," and Gertrude's "There is a willow grows aslant a brook," a trifle "flat." Who wants to take the value out of Lear's "And my poor fool is hang'd!" by a pre-view of the event? To conclude. Granting that a film of a Shakespeare play may be twice as good as that play acted in the theatre, it is still not Shakespeare, and it is Shakespeare that I want. Not worse Shakespeare and not better. Just Shakespeare. And here I frankly admit my bias. I am more concerned for the diminishment of the world's greatest poet than for the enrichment of the cinema.

AND NOW, dear readers, I doff my scholastic cap and gown in order to run over for a few moments, according to ancient custom, some of the best films of the year. The first that springs to my mind is the French film, *Le Jour se Lève*, that grim and heartrending

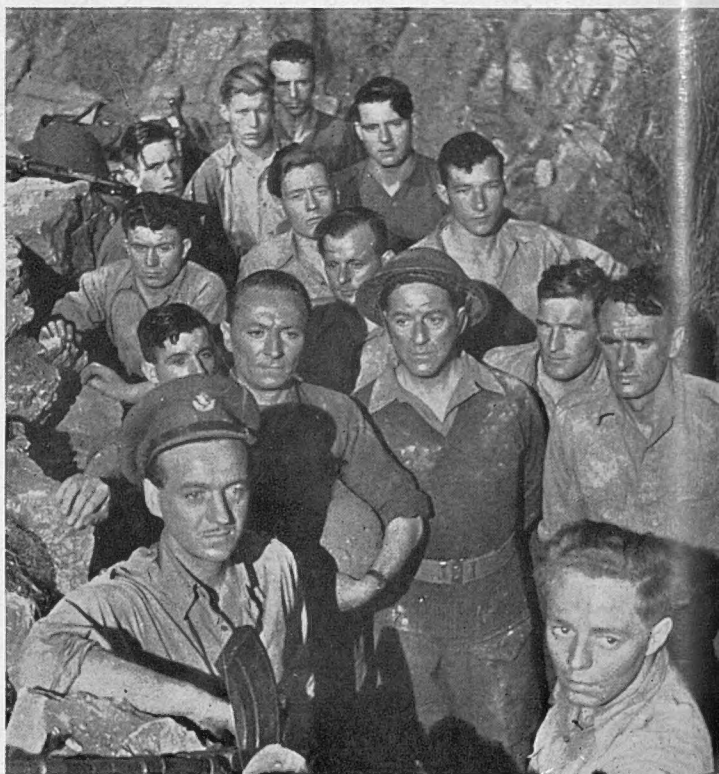
tragedy of French working-class life. And who can forget the superb performance of Jean Gabin, those lifelike street-scenes and the inexorable tragic conclusion. Very fine, good Studio One, and I should much like to see it again. Then I remember a curious little silent film about Mexicans called *The Forgotten Village*, in which everything in these simple people's lives had the air of being the real thing. I still don't know whether these events really happened and the camera had the genuine luck to catch these families in their crucial moments of being born and dying, and loving and hating. I suspect not. But I suspect, too, that the dirt and squalor and ignorance were genuine enough. And *Madame Curie*, what a smashing film was that! And I repeat what I said at the time: "I am inclined to think that the occasion has come to recognize Greer Garson as the next best actress to Bette Davis." This film should most certainly be revived. It remains one of the best of our time, the subject is absorbing, the data fairly accurate, and the only reason why it didn't have the same success as *Smack Him, Baby!* or other Hollywood muck, is owing to the absence of prolonged kisses as well as protracted spankings and the unfortunate fact that Madame Curie is not depicted as a Long Island blonde drinking American soldiers and sailors under the table.

THEN recurs to mind the magnificent epic of the British Recruit's Progress, the film called *The Way Ahead*. This was an outstanding glory for our native cinema, and in point of verisimilitude, unforced pathos and natural humour left our American cousins a considerable way behind. This, too, should be revived. It should be revived every year, war or no war. It is a first-rate piece of our country and the way we feel about things.

THEN there was *Champagne Charlie*, another British production and one which did its sponsors proud. It was not a perfect film, to be sure: the colours were laid on too thick and too clear so that the young people of today certainly did not get a very good idea of the noise and the dirt and licence of these



Suburbia: Robert Newton and Stanley Holloway in Noel Coward's "This Happy Breed"



Four British Films Stand Out in Memory
The Front Line: David Niven in "The Way Ahead," written by Eric Ambler and Peter Ustinov



Kismet brings two old favourites into the Empire Christmas programme—Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman. Ronald Colman plays Hafiz, the magician-beggar of Bagdad. Seeking to find a prince for his beautiful daughter Marsinah to wed, Hafiz meets Jamilla (Marlene Dietrich), queen of the household of Mansur, Grand Vizier of Bagdad. Hafiz convinces Jamilla that he is none other than His Royal Highness, Prince of Hassir. The two fall in love and, after many hair-raising adventures, ride away together to find happiness in the "backyard of the empire." Meantime, Marsinah (played by Joy Ann Page) has found her own prince. She believes him to be a gardener's son, but he is the Caliph—a prince, no less. He swears to make her his bride, forgives her father his shortcomings and marries her with all the pomp and ceremony of the East. The film, which is in Technicolour, is based upon the play by Edward Knoblock

roaring sixties and seventies. But such as it was, it was a most exciting, exhilarating entertainment, and above all most convincingly and ineradicably English. Tommy Trinder worked very hard and Stanley Holloway gave one of the best performances of his career.

Space grows short. One remembers Bette Davis's good presentation of the witty, well-bred heroine of the film version of *Old Acquaintance*, the splendid crook of Erich von

Stroheim in a not-very-good film called *Storm Over Lisbon*, Katharine Hepburn trying to be Chinese in *Dragon Seed* and only succeeding in looking as if her face had met with an accident, William Bendix's fine performance of the brutal sailor in the very watered-down film version of O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*.

AND that's all that I remember, with the exception of some remarkable revivals of

French films at the Academy and Studio One. Give me these, and you can have all the horses in that charge at Agincourt, and all the bowmen, and all the Bishop of Ely's clowning, and everything else in that finely-intended, muddled film—muddled because of its confusion of values—except the words of Shakespeare and the peerless performance of the great actor who adorns the chief rôle.



Reviewing the Films of the Past Twelve Months

Victorian Music-Hall: Tommy Trinder and Betty Warren in "Champagne Charlie"

Shakespeare on the Screen: Laurence Olivier and Renee Asherson in "Henry V"

The Theatre

"Another Love Story" (Phoenix)

By Horace Horsnell

FIRST-RATE artificial comedy is something of an exotic, and among the rarer fruits of our theatre garden. Like farce it enjoys a special licence, but demands more stylish cultivation. Its wit is directed to the foibles of over-civilized society, rather than to universal humours and the heartier predicaments of burlesque. It is not the uproarious pranks of Tom, Dick and Harry that engage its characters, but brilliant conversation and heartless snaps of the fingers when conventional decorum would censure their deeds. Its writing can be no joke, nor is its success always a walkover, even for masters of the art.

Since Congreve wrote *The Way of the World*, putting into it the refined gold of his wit, his incomparable style and brilliant characterization, he achieved a popular failure, but set a standard that has not since been equalled. Sheridan, Wilde, and other masters have given to artificial comedy a richly rewarded devotion; but the English classics in this genre may still be counted on the fingers of one hand. Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's *Another Love Story* is unlikely, I feel, to increase their number.

It would be unjust to attribute disappointment in this play either to carelessness in the writing or shortcomings in the acting. The premiere at the Phoenix suggested that considerable pains had been taken, not only by the author and the actors, but by Mr. Harold French and the decorator, to present a sparkling and stylish entertainment on artificial comedy lines. Mr. Lonsdale's wit is quick and pertinent, his characters have an appropriately impudent vivacity, and the modish settings have the pictorial chic of the more eclectic

colour-print advertisements. Yet the result did not altogether refute an impression that a stubborn horse, so to speak, was somehow being ineffectively flogged.

Such comedy does not invite sympathetic concern for its characters, or too serious an attitude towards their lapses from conventional grace. And when Mr. Roland Culver, woe-begone and dumb, opened this Cloud-cuckooland imbroglio like Pierrot on tragic vacation, wishing he were dead, we understood that ribs, not heart-strings, were this good actor's objective, and responded accordingly. And when Miss Zena Dare rallied him on his unconscionable melancholy, she neither dispersed his gloom nor discouraged our laughter.

So was it with other members of this purposefully assorted house-party on Long Island, N.Y., most of whom, according to their age, sex, and vulnerability (plus the dictates of a not too scrupulous plot), were already in, or ripe for, the throes of what, in artificial comedy, does duty for passionate love.

In his diagnosis and treatment of this epidemic fever, Mr. Lonsdale's style seemed to me rather less confidently fluent than usual, his bedside manner more perfunctory, and his characters to play the game with halting adroitness.

An outstanding exception was the benignly cynical, elder scapegrace, visiting his ex-wife in order to add his experienced persuasion to the general discouragement of their daughter's headstrong infatuation for a dubious adventurer with more than an eye on her money. This particular character may not be more



Hostess, Butler, Guest: Zena Dare, Michael Shepley, Max Kirby

finely drawn than the rest, but he happened to be played by Mr. A. E. Matthews, who not only has the gift of stage charm, but knows so much about the art of comedy acting. And when he entered the scene, what threatened to become a sagging situation seemed to take a lift. When he spoke, his words, so expertly timed and delivered, were not merely listened to, but heard; and the play itself took heart, as it were, because he seemed to be playing for it, rather than for his own hand.

There is what seemed to me an over-contrived and not too smoothly written bedroom scene that has its counterpart in Mr. Lonsdale's more famous comedy, the *Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, at the Savoy. This is played by Miss Judy Campbell and Mr. Anton Walbrook, for all that its not too subtly conceived audacities are worth. Thus *Another Love Story*, told perhaps for the times rather than for all time, achieves its somewhat arbitrary denouement without seriously infringing the jealous rights of our comic masterpieces.

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



Rich girl, unresponsive lover, woman scorned:
Philippa Hiatt, Anton Walbrook, Judy Campbell



Artist charmer, smart secretary, melancholic banker:
A. E. Matthews, Rosalyn Boulter, Roland Culver



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Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Anniversary

It is in June that we celebrate with due ceremony His Majesty's official birthday, but, as we all know, the actual anniversary falls in December and is marked by private family rejoicings. This year the King is forty-nine, and a small dinner party for members of the Royal Family was given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace to celebrate the occasion.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent were among the guests, and after dinner there was a dance—not, of course, in the big, rose-chandeliered ballroom, scene of so many glittering parties in peacetime, but in the smaller Bow Saloon, which made an ideal setting for the dancers, who numbered between ninety and a hundred. The Bow Saloon is, indeed, one of the most attractive rooms in the Palace, well proportioned, pleasing in shape, with the deep, semi-circular recess that gives it its name, lined with tall French windows opening on to the main terrace of the Palace gardens.

Princess Elizabeth, with a number of her friends, made up the "young people" at the party, who danced their way gaily into the small morning hours.

New Master

As a lover of tradition and ancient ceremonial, the Queen greatly enjoyed her evening visit to the Middle Temple, when she was admitted as a Master of the Bench. All the ritual and the legal formalities attending such an occasion were followed accurately and precisely, and Her Majesty was most interested in the origins and historical associations of some of the lawyers' customs. In a very short space of time, the Queen climbed the whole scale of the legal ladder, being admitted as a student, called to the Bar as a barrister and member of the Inn, and finally made a Master of the Bench, all within a few minutes.

Serjeant Sullivan, the eminent K.C., and Treasurer of the Middle Temple, who is the last holder of the legal title so beloved of Charles

Dickens (he was made Serjeant in 1920, and no more will be appointed), and his fellow-Masters of the Bench, entertained the Queen first to a glass of sherry, taken informally, so as to give Her Majesty the opportunity of meeting and talking to her learned hosts, and then, with the full ceremonial observed through the centuries, to dinner, though this, alas, could not be held where it should have been—in the Great Hall, the roof of which was destroyed in one of the



G.O.C.'s Family

Mrs. Scobie, wife of Gen. Scobie, G.O.C. Greece, was staying at Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham, when photographed with her seventeen-year-old daughter Jane, who is studying at Cheltenham Ladies' College

early raids. Lady Nunburnholme and Major Arthur Penn were in attendance on the Queen.

Press Party

TALL Brig. Schreiber—he is well over 6 ft. 3 in.—known to all amateur flying enthusiasts of pre-war days as a competitor in the King's Cup races, is going out to Australia with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester as their Chief of Staff. A few evenings ago he had the happy thought of entertaining the Australian correspondents in London to a cocktail-party at the Dorchester, and the Dominion men and women thoroughly appreciated the hospitable gesture.

Sir Godfrey Thomas, dark and immaculate, who has been Private Secretary to his Royal Highness for the past few years, was there, though he will not be accompanying the Royal Governor-General to the Commonwealth. Instead, he is remaining in London to look after the Duke's interests here, in addition to his work at the Foreign Office.



A. Rahm

General's Daughters

Elizabeth and Jennifer Gott are the daughters of the late Lt.-Gen. W. H. E. "Straffer" Gott and Mrs. Gott. Their father was killed in Libya in 1942, a short time after being appointed to command the Eighth Army



Miss Stella Jean Conway-Gordon, Viscount Cross and Miss Lois Allan were guests at the Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton's twenty-second birthday party at the Bagatelle. Lord Cross is in the Scots Guards



Mr. Peter Combe, Mrs. Ronald Conway-Gordon and Capt. R. Tregear sat on the same side of the table as their hostess, the Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton. She is the eldest of Lord Noel-Buxton's three daughters

Both Sides of the Table at a Birthday Party

Swabe



The Shamrock Club Draw in Aid of Irish Service Men and Women

Steele

A draw took place in aid of the Shamrock Club ball to be held at Grosvenor House on January 5th. Members of the Forces using the Club will be admitted free from proceeds of the draw. Above: The Dowager Marchioness of Donegall, the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegall, Mrs. M. Gray (chairman and organiser of the ball), Miss L'Estrange, Miss Gray and Gen. Sir Hubert Gough (president of the Shamrock Club)

Fair, pretty and petite Lady Clive, who goes out as Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess; Cdr. A. W. P. Robertson, R.N., Major Michael Hawkins, of the 10th Hussars, and Capt. Alexander Ramsay, Lady "Pat's" son, who is in the Grenadiers, all of whom are on the Duke's staff, were busily discussing with the Australian guests all sorts of questions about the Dominion that is to be their home for the next few years. Another guest was Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who is also going out to the Commonwealth in the near future.

Canadian Hospitality

CANADIANS over here have made themselves very popular, not only for their gallantry in the field of battle, but also for their generous hospitality which considerably brightens the lives of all those fortunate enough to live near by.

Two of Canada's most popular soldiers are Major-Gen. Hamilton Roberts, who recently gave a most successful party in his personal H.Q., and Lt.-Col. Lee Watson, from Quebec. Major-Gen. Roberts's stepdaughter, Marjorie Fullerton, was married recently to Lt. Francis Rene Roy, of Montreal, and a grand reception was held on this occasion, all guests being received by the General's lovely wife, Anne,

herself only a bride of two years. Colonel Lee Watson is keener on work than on pleasure; nevertheless, he has contributed very considerably to the happiness of his British friends—one in particular, who is none other than Bryan, the five-year-old son of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, to whom he recently presented a "long-range gun" made out of a mouse-trap.

A most enjoyable dinner party, complete with candles and caviare, was given by Col. Russell Ker on the night of his Mess dance. One begins to doubt the necessity of the feminine touch on such occasions, judging by the way these "grass" bachelors get down to their faultless entertaining.

Recent Arrivals

AMONG the latest arrivals at that overcrowded but once-peaceful village of Chobham is Mark Fisher, the few-weeks-old son of Capt. Nigel Fisher and his wife, Lady Gloria. As one of his godmothers Mark has Mrs. Michael Menzies (Kay Stammers that was), who has been staying with the Fishers for some time. Others living at Chobham include the lovely Susan Pretzlik, who used to be Susan Henderson, and is now in the M.T.C., starting work as early as 8.30 each morning; Lady Jane Nelson,

sister of the present Duke of Grafton, who is doing accounts in the local factory; and Mrs. Vernon Tate, who has adopted the very practical garb of Jodhpurs for work in and out of doors, and continues to run her home with the minimum of help and the maximum of hospitality. Mrs. Hugo Brassey is a comparative newcomer to the village; she keeps open house on Sunday evenings—a very popular innovation. Another hospitable family are the Douglas Moseys, who own one of the largest and most comfortable living-rooms imaginable. Week-end visitors to the village in the past few weeks have included Mr. Noel Busch, of *Life* fame, and Lord and Lady Delamere, who came down to join a party in honour of Gen. and Mrs. Roberts.

Christmas Shoppers

RACING enthusiasts were among some of the Christmas shoppers in London recently. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, one of the staunchest



Cathedral Wedding

Major the Hon. Peter Brassey, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, youngest son of Lord and Lady Brassey, married Lady Romaine Cecil, younger daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, at Peterborough Cathedral



A Recent London Wedding

The marriage took place of Capt. Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Bt., Royal Horse Guards, and Miss Prudence A. Haggie at St. Columba's Church House Chapel, Lennox Gardens. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggie, of Knapton, Thirsk, Yorkshire

supporters of the turf, was out shopping with Lady Cunliffe-Owen and his son, Dudley, who was looking very smart in naval uniform. The Countess of Durham, who seldom misses a Newmarket meeting, shopped in Bond Street, carrying two bags, both bulging with exciting-looking parcels. Lady Durham is the only child of the late Sir George Bullough, a former steward of the Jockey Club, and Lady Bullough, another great turf enthusiast, who has owned several very good horses. The same day I met Lady Melvill Ward, who, as Mrs. Glorney, was well known as a very successful lady owner. Lady Ward has not been seen in London much since her recent marriage to Lt.-Cdr. Sir Melvill Ward, "Skipper" to his many friends. Lord and Lady Lovat left the Guards' Club together—Lord Lovat was in khaki and is recovering from his bad wounds on D-Day, and as impatient as ever to get back to action. Lord and Lady Lovat are both racing enthusiasts, and Lord Lovat bought a nice yearling by Hastings out of Pecked for 500 guineas at the recent Newmarket Sales, and also has three jumpers in training for the opening of the steeplechasing season on Boxing Day.

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Charity Ball

In Aid of a London Hospital:
Some Young People Who Enjoyed It

● A very successful ball was held not long ago at the Dorchester Hotel, proceeds of which went to the Royal Home and Hospital for Incurables at Putney. Chairman of the Ball Committee was Miss Penelope Henderson, whose grandfather, the late Sir William Clarke, was chairman of the hospital for over twenty years. She was ably assisted by the vice-chairman, Miss Jacqueline Carlisle; the hon. treasurer, Col. G. Phillips; and the hon. secretary, Mr. R. J. Buckland. Lord Fairfax and Mr. G. Bourne-May were on the committee

Photographs by Swaebe

The Hon. Patricia White, recently engaged, was at a table with Lt. A. R. Thom and Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord Radnor's eldest daughter



Foursome: Lt. J. F. Lascelles, Miss E. L. Stirling, the Hon. Sarah Norton, daughter of Lord Grantley, and Mr. Anthony Crean



Chairman and two committee members: Mr. G. Bourne-May, Coldstream Guards, Miss Penelope Henderson and Lord Fairfax, Grenadier Guards



Lt. Montgomerie-Charrington and Lady Kathleen Elliot



Lady Jane Douglas and Miss June Gordon



Lord Blandford and Miss Patricia Macaulay



Sitting out: Miss Patricia Chapman and Lord John Manners, brother of the Duke of Rutland



In conversation: Jean Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lt. J. L. B. Villiers, Lady Cowdray, on a rare visit to London, and Lt. Morurn



Young marrieds: Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Tufnell



Looking on: Capt. J. Westmacott and Miss R. Eden



Standing by: Miss May Curzon-Howe and Lt. Bourne-May



Miss Joanna Curzon and Lt. Samuel Wagstaff



Lord Roger Manners and Miss Violet de Trafford



Mrs. Timothy Tufnell and Lt.-Cdr. E. H. Larive

Standing By

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF Haroun-al-Raschid's palace, just excavated near Damascus, looks anything like the relics of Babylon or Baghdad or Damascus itself, you can 'ave it, as the eminent Edwardian financier Mr. Sam Levy said of Rome.

Built equally of Euphrates mud, it may once have been as gorgeous as the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which were a kind of mud-brick Mappin Terrace, with lavish colour-decorations. A spacious age. Haroun himself was given to large splendid gestures, such as "Give him 10,000 sequins and 500 dancing-girls," and the recipient was suitably dazzled. Having spent all the money he no doubt passed many hours in retirement, singing disillusioned songs through the nose in the Arab manner.

The jackals howl under the stars, the wind is rising;

Where are the gazelles?

Anybody want Desert Moon? Or Pearl-of-Pearls?

Or Rose-of-the-Dawn?

Or Princess Jasmine?

Or that big shapeless girl with the silly face—

I can't remember her name,

Pieface, or Hey-You, or Miss

Awful,

Anybody want her?

Anybody want the lot? They

eat like elephants;

Hail! yai!

The moon is low and the wind is

rising, as mentioned previously,

Where are the gazelles?

Not that I care—the hell with

'em (etc.).

Such dismal songs went on for hours, and if the Chief of Police heard about them (he always did), the citizen concerned was sliced forthwith by a Nubian dingie. Were men happier under Haroun than under (say) Beveridge? We wouldn't know.

Clock

A CITIZEN carrying on about London's public clocks did not mention the clock over the main entrance of Broadcasting House, which is part of the B.B.C.'s policy of wearing the bourgeoisie down, a chap in close touch tells us.

Even this clock, which has arty-crafty modernist strokes for figures and hands alike, making it impossible nowadays to read the time till you're practically underneath it, is a concession, this chap added. At the big conference years ago several better ideas were put forward, such as a figureless moon-face with two hands cocking a permanent snook at the populace from a central bronze nose. Then a rather hysterical voice said: "How would it be, Sir, to have a

perfectly awful clock with an absolutely terrifying face, making them simply scream?" At which everybody smiled sympathetically and said: "Poor Stinker, poor devil, absolutely on wires, look at his hands, my dear, too bad." Finally a calmer voice said: "Wouldn't it be rather amusing, Sir, if they could very nearly see the time but not quite—I mean wouldn't it make them frightfully mad and so forth?" This suggestion was adopted and the boys ran happily out to play.

And that is the end of Children's Hour for to-day. Look out next week, children, for something extremely vexatious from Uncle Bobbity called "Pongy-Poos and the Ticketty Tock."

Figure

GREATLY impressed by one of the big Harley Street moguls who swept grandly into his ken recently, a gossip was carrying on about it like a little mad thing; as though Harley Street has anything to show nowadays comparable with the most

spectacular figure in the racket, the great Richard Mead.

Mead, physician and connoisseur, patron of Watteau, exchanged presents with Louis XV, kept open house in his Great Ormond Street mansion, where the Children's Hospital now stands, patronised art boys and art dealers alike, and had a library and collection of priceless antiques known all over Europe. Moreover, Mead once fought a rapier-duel with a rival, Dr. Woodward. "Beg for your life!" said Dr. Mead as he disarmed him. "Not till I'm your patient!" said Dr. Woodward, nasty-like. You can't tell us any modern figure in striped pants and black billycock with a flower in its buttonhole can compete for impressiveness with Mead in his huge fullbottomed periwig and rich black costume, with his rapier and his goldtopped ebony cane. Nor can we see two jealous Harley boys fighting each other nowadays. They may glower across an ailing duchess's body, but you never hear anything like:

"Boffin's Trauma, you charlatan."

"Grummitt's Lesion, you quack."

"Who are you calling a quack?"

"I'll jolly well show you who I'm calling a quack."

"Oh, you will? Who did poor old Sir George Whiffle in last Friday?"

"All right—who put Lady Gumboyle away last Tuesday?"

Here the ailing duchess whines miserably: "Take your damn' knees off my chest," but nobody takes any notice.

"Quack, twice!"

"Charlatan, three times!"

"Come outside!"

(Concluded on page 398)



"The recipe says do the mixing in a fair-sized basin, but it's such a nuisance getting in and out to answer the door"



"Here is a plan of the larder and a list of the most valuable tins"



Miss June Spencer Spriggs is one of the two daughters of Sir Frank Spencer Spriggs and Lady Spencer Spriggs, who are now at the British Embassy, Teheran. She is eighteen years old and was educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College. Her father was President of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors from 1939-40



Miss Rhona Wood is the only child of Major E. W. H. Wood, The Life Guards, and Mrs. Wood, and is a granddaughter of Sir John Wood, Bt., of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk. Her father, a former M.P. for Cheshire, is with the British Military Mission in Washington



Miss Jean Helen Rollo is the only daughter of Major J. E. H. Rollo, and her father, formerly in The Black Watch, is heir-presumptive to Lord Rollo, of Duncrub, Dunning, Perthshire. She is eighteen and serving in the W.R.N.S.

The Younger Generation



Miss Diana Howard Thompson, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Howard Thompson, of Coton Hall, Shropshire, is ambulance officer attached to headquarters staff, South European Commission, British Red Cross and St. John. She is engaged to Lt. Sir Lindores Leslie, Bt., 12th Lancers, who was taken prisoner in 1940

Photographs by
Bassano,
Catherine Bell,
Harlip
and Lenare



Miss Patricia Beauchamp is the only child of Sir Brograve Beauchamp, Bt., and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, and a niece of the Earl of Carnarvon. She is nineteen and serving in the W.R.N.S. Her father has been M.P. for Walthamstow since 1931

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Even so, what would they fight with? Gardenias?

Idea

READERS-IN-BED will doubtless give cordial attention to this new invention, whereby reading-matter can be projected by microfilm on the ceiling, the pages being turned by "a normal camera shutter-cable" under the bedclothes.

In one way this may be an advance on the method of the poet Gérard de Nerval, who used to tie a brass candlestick on his head. The bed being a four-poster of the 1830's, with curtains, he frequently set it on fire. Shy weekend guests with an inferiority-complex in a strange house could ask nothing better, apart from the fascinating disclosures following an unexpected 4 a.m. fire in many country-houses. But the snag, even here, is the perpetual one of having to hold the book and turn the pages. This may be obviated by the Poetry Society method of assembling a lot of tall quiet thoughtful girls in grey silk, with low, sweet, carefully-modulated voices, and making them sit in a semicircle round your bed and read aloud, preferably some exquisite modern verse. Many girls are born readers-aloud, and as nothing can stop them, they are often beaten and abused by hunting men, stockbrokers, and so forth, which is shameful.

Footnote

No decent hostess will mind your turning up with half-a-dozen Poetry Society girls for this purpose, we may add.

"Oh, how nice! Where shall I put them?"

"Any of the outhouses will do. Give them

plenty of clean straw and a set of Browning, and a gargle about ten o'clock."

"Parker can take them for a run before dinner, if you like."

"Well, he mustn't wind them. That one with the big mournful eyes is a bit of a roarer."

Chaps who keep Circassian slaves prefer Circassian slaves for this purpose. We find their earrings disturbing.

Fracas

RECENT happenings in Greece do not give us the pained astonishment they seem to be giving some of the high-ups. The Greeks are naturally sectarian and fond of domestic brawls, as their history shows.

It is impossible to look at Santa Sophia and not to wish devoutly they chose their time for fraternal bust-ups better. Right under the Turkish guns in 1453, with their last defences gone and Johnny Turk preparing to rush and sack the city and massacre them wholesale, the Greeks were at each other's throats, as once or twice before, over the question of re-union with the West. By then it was probably too late to do anything to save Constantinople, but what a moment to choose! What a... Heaven help us, we're scolding the Greeks without belonging to the Leader-Writers' Union. None of Auntie Times's leader boys is allowed to rap even a third-class Power without a certificate showing he began by denouncing Liberia or Ecuador and has worked up to the big stuff through the years. And we also have no beard; not even the property Karl Marx-



"This lady says she's lost her eyelashes somewhere in the two-and-sixpennies"

type beard a wellknown City firm hires out to leader-writers in Printing House Square with unsuitable features; a wealth of boiling white fuzz, through which you may dimly descry the pleading agonised eyes of a gentle butterfly-collector, or the roguish twinkle of some laughing but wellbred girl. We therefore lay (or lie) off the Greeks.

We'll tell you some day about the girl leader-writers of Fleet Street, incidentally. It is not a nice story.

Illusion

NOBODY asked the Wine and Food boys for their views on the recent naming of the battleship Princess Elizabeth with a bottle of Empire wine and its future possibilities. They'd have been very tactful about the whole thing, our spies report. *Un tact sympathique.*

Actually the kind of champagne used for naming ships in normal times, as we once discovered at a liner ceremony in Belfast, is not vintage, but the kind of mouthwash Business Men pour into little actresses the third or fourth time out. We had at first suspected the stuff in the gaudy beribboned bottle to be stage champagne, or ginger-pop, but the glossy-topped shipping boys were grievously hurt at this suggestion and swore, indeed, that any decent liner fooled in that way would turn turtle right away. On the other hand a West End audience will breathlessly watch actors decanting cold neat tea into thick cut-glass goblets with trembling hands and get the illusion of a frightful drinking-bout, just as a West End audience can persuade itself that a white-bearded actor shaking with palsy and plastered with wrinkles and made up to look 278½ years old is King Lear, and not just a chap having them on. Garrick played King Lear beardless, in a short velvet cloak, a white Georgian wig, and high-heeled diamond-buckled shoes and terrified the town to death. There's a moral in this somewhere but we can't think what it is. Let it ride.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"You misunderstood me, Captain Forrester. It was my habit I said was loose, not my habits"

A Marriage To Be

Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin and Her
Fiancé, Lord Roderic Pratt



Lord Roderic
Pratt



The engagement was announced early in December of Major Lord Roderic Pratt, The Life Guards, and Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin, eldest daughter of Capt. the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, R.N., and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, of Swallet House, Christian Malford, Chippenham. Lord Roderic, who was wounded while serving in the Middle East, is the younger son of the late Marquis Camden and of Joan Marchioness Camden, and a brother of the present peer

Photographs by
Yevonde

Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin

Burlesque at its Best

Satirical, Cynical, Grave and Gay
Hermione Gingold is Unrivalled in Intimate



"We will remember Vienna Steaks,
One of Lord Woolton's supreme mistakes
Table d'hôte, à la carte, plat du jour"
As Fritz Baron, reigning toast of Vienna, the Gingold is delicious



"Thanks, Yanks, for that rather nice boy
From old Illinois,
Who led an attack on my flanks,
The least I can say is, Thanks!"



"For the Duke's eldest son
There's a monstrous bath bun
Soaked in hot prussic acid—
It's all good clean fun"
"Borgia Orgy" is one of the highspots of the show

● Reigning toast of the Ambassadors Theatre, where *Sweeter and Lower* has broken the long-run record for revue held for the last twenty-five years by *Buzz Buzz*, is Hermione Gingold. Hermione's contribution to the success of the show is incalculable, and in fourteen different character-sketches she portrays astonishing versatility and vitality. One minute she is the acidulous habituée of the Ivy tearing her friends to pieces with honeyed sweetness; the next the sinuous and malevolent Lucrezia Borgia planning the destruction of her nearest and dearest. As Fritz, she is the quintessence of Viennese operetta coyness; as Charmaine Vavasour, the typical last-war musical-comedy star complete with osprey, pearls and Guardee admirer. Hermione Gingold's talents are not limited to the theatre; her "very private life" is being published in the spring by Home and Van Thal under the intriguing title *The World is Square*. If her literary talent can be compared to her histrionic power, *The World is Square* should prove a best-seller.



"Is there anyone hovering at the stage door?"
In "Services Rendered," the Gingold impersonates a musical-comedy actress of last-war days in a dressing-room sketch



"That filly of fable, adorable Mabel
The horse with the hansom behind"
"Mabel" is set in Central Park,
New York, in the year 1900



"Where are all the waiters?"
"Over there, being hypnotised by Beatrix Lehmann"
"Who's that she's talking to?"
"Not talking, dear—listening. It's J. B. Priestley"
In "Poison Ivy," the Gingold back-chats effectively with Henry Kendall



End of the photo call: Hermione
relaxes and is herself

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Leighton Seager, C.B.E., D.L., J.P.

As President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, Sir Leighton Seager is a leader and a forthright spokesman of the industry which has played such a vitally important part in the winning of the war. Born in 1896, he is a son of the late Sir William Seager, one-time M.P. for Cardiff. He received a knighthood in 1938 for his public work in South Wales and for services on Government missions to Canada and Geneva. A member of Lord Leathers' Advisory Council at the Ministry of War Transport and of the Shipping Defence Advisory Committee of the Admiralty, he is also an Underwriter of Lloyd's and director of many well-known industrial undertakings. As chairman of the Royal Hamadryad Seamen's Hospital, Sir Leighton devotes much of his time to the welfare of the men who go down to the sea in ships.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"



V.C. Tells His Adventures

C.S.M. S. E. Hollis, Green Howards, who won the V.C. in France, told his experiences to workers at Morris Motors, Ltd., during the lunch-hour. With him here is Sir Miles Thomas, D.F.C., vice-chairman of the Nuffield Organisation.

To discover the quality of precious metal it must be assayed. You would not find out the quality of tea, or of wine, from just watching it grow on the bush and the vine. The assayer of the breeder of thoroughbred stock is the race-course. The best way of discovering the fighting value of troops is the actual battle. There is no other way. It therefore surely follows that, if we are to maintain the quality of our wares, the one and only means of so doing should be fostered. How magnificently those who produced this great trade asset have held the fort under difficulties which might have dismayed men of a courage less stout the figures realised at these 1944 December Sales advertised to the world. They do something more than this: they provide an index of our national financial stability at a time when many, even the "Stymphalian Birds" in our midst, would rub their hands with glee if this Empire collapsed under the stresses of war. This aspect, I humbly suggest, is worthy of consideration.

Wishing You Well

BIG prices deserve big returns, and I feel sure that everyone connected in any way with the Turf will wish the plucky lady who gave 15,000 guineas for the two-year-old filly Carpatia, by Hyperion out of Campanula, all the good fortune which she deserves. This filly has not a public record which can be said

(Concluded on page 404)

is to increase our export trade. Well, here we have on our hands a commodity that is desired all over the world and which can be obtained nowhere else in such excellence as it can be in these islands. The British thoroughbred stands alone.

The speaker, as will be noted, by implication, generously included Southern Ireland, despite the peculiar attitude adopted by that country during this war.

Incontrovertible

IF such a record, as has been set up this year, can be achieved in the throes of the biggest and most devastating war in history, the question whether such a magnificent monopoly can be lightly cast away surely answers itself. There is, of course, the inevitable "but."



Air Cdre. and Mrs. E. G. Olson wisely brought a rug when they arrived at Richmond for the R.A.F. v. the Dominions Rugby match, which was won by the R.A.F. by 24 points to 13

How So?

THE "thoughtful soul," who knows his *Rubá'iyát* well, will recall that the learned author (putative) says that the New Year revives "Old Desires" and that "the thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires!" Omar Khayyám was speaking of the Mohammedan Now Rooz, which begins with the Vernal Equinox, and I confess that I do not quite follow him. New "desires," surely? And why Solitude just when the flowers come back, as they do in the Persian Garden, even before the snow is off the hills? I think old Khayyám was just as wrong in his diagnosis as he was when he said that "the wine you drink and the lip you press" might end in the nothing all things end in. As a rule, they do not. Omar Khayyám was an annihilationist, so, perhaps, Now Rooz did not incite him to look forward. He had not much use for Unborn To-morrow or Dead Yesterday and her 7000 years. He said: "Why bother? 'if To-day be sweet.'" I think he might have been a somewhat disturbing person with whom to live, for all his philosophy, his learning and his poetic gifts. However, he was not singular, for a Frenchman said very much the same thing. He also said: "Why worry?" for this was his philosophy: "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a!" Anyway, at the moment we have got to make the best of the worst.

The Value of Racing

IF Lord Rosebery's words at the annual meeting of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association ever needed any reinforcement, which, of course, they do not, the record figures for the recent Newmarket December Sales would provide it. The first four days produced an aggregate of 460,762 guineas for 551 lots, and set up the first record. The last day, when 119 horses were sent up, produced 47,445 guineas, making a grand total of 508,207 guineas and an aggregate for the year of 1,042,956 guineas for 1944. The previous December Sales record—a peacetime one, be it especially marked—was in 1928, when 1222 lots realised 490,862 guineas. Lord Rosebery said:

We read . . . that the one thing this country must do, if we wish to maintain our pre-eminence,



Rugby Match: The R.A.F. Beat the Dominions at Richmond

In cheerful conversation at the match were Col. H. B. Wakelam, Air Cdre. G. R. Beamish and W/Cdr. James Lawson. There were some exciting passages in the match before the R.A.F. took the lead, winning by three goals and three tries to two goals and one penalty goal

Cdr. Mundy Cox was a naval spectator, while G/Capt. Harvey and G/Capt. Mayhew came to support the R.A.F. team. There was a luncheon held in London before the event, at which the High Commissioners for South Africa and New Zealand were among the guests

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

to be in any way outstanding: she has yet to win her spurs, which I hope, and believe, she will. The figure is a record for a two-year-old. That indomitable sportsman, the late Bob Sievier, gave 10,000 guineas for Sceptre as a yearling. She won him £38,225 10s. in stakes alone, to say nothing of what we know he won in bets. Mr. Walter Hutchinson, the famous publisher, paid over 13,000 guineas for Happy Landing and got very little of it back in stake money, but stud fees, let us hope, will eventually recoup him. It is a gamble, sure enough; but even if the battle on the turf goes against an animal of high lineage, there is always this second barrel, which, naturally, is tremendously enhanced by a brilliant public



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge Beats Oxford at Squash Rackets

Cambridge, winners of the annual University squash rackets match, have only lost one match since 1939. Sitting: B. M. W. Trapnell, P. R. Bell. Standing: J. A. MacDougall, L. H. Klackan, H. M. C. Corfield

Oxford's squash rackets side scored two rubbers to Cambridge's three, during an exciting finals match. Sitting: J. Dismoor, G. A. Wagner. Standing: G. D. Evans, A. F. Macdonald, J. G. Dickinson

record, and, equally, eventually raised when his progeny achieves fame. This is a case in which, indeed, blood tells. As to some others, the sale of Bāmān "for India" interests me personally, for he is just the type which often achieves the highest honours in that land. He is not heavily-topped, and is a well-balanced sort with, I should think, a good constitution. The "a's" in his name, incidentally, are long, and make it much more euphonious than "Bay Man," Martaban, who also goes to India, might also do well, for he is not a heavily-framed colt, and he is obviously an honest one. I suppose, by the way, that most people know that racing in India may be suspended for the duration of the war, but so far, I see it goes on. Entire "of an age" do not, as a rule, thrive over well in Hindustan, so how these facts will influence these steeds remains to be proved. Geldings and mares seem to make the best fight with a definitely trying climate. The main thing, in my very lengthy experience, is to avoid

top-hamper. The galloping surface is like cast-iron, and though much is done to provide a cushion of good grass, the hard bosom of Mother India is ineradicable. The Australian, with his marvellously good feet, stands the jar better than any other breed.

Parrot

IF anyone nowadays should happen to listen to Wilhelm Fröhlich, alias William Joyce, alias "Lord Haw-Haw," they would find that he is pegging away very hard at the mouldering boggy exhumed in 1938, and, at the same time, advising our Prime Minister, for whom he professes a supreme contempt, to pull himself together before it is too late and link arms with Germany in her fight against the all-devouring Russian. Curiously enough, this is exactly what the cleverest of all German "agents," that very pleasant person Korvetten-Kapitän Franz von Rintelen, told me in 1938. He then said that Great Britain, America and

France ought to join forces with Germany, if they wanted to save their skins. It was at the time of the Finnish war, and von Rintelen said that Russia would knock out her opponent inside a week, overrun Sweden, Norway and Denmark, collar Atlantic bases for her huge Baltic submarine fleet, play the cat and banjo with British and American transatlantic trade, and thus starve us, America and Europe into complete surrender. The only way to avert this catastrophe, he said, was to send a huge Anglo-French Army to Finland to link up with a huge German Army, and turn the Russian right flank. This ingenious suggestion, of course, would have completely cleared the way westward for the German Army. Not so very long after this, let us remind ourselves, Germany's Leading Military Genius told us that the Russian Army was rotten, lock, stock and barrel, and that he would knock it out in six weeks. A little later, Hitler said that he had, in fact, destroyed the Russian Army! Now Wilhelm Fröhlich tells us that the Russian Army is good enough to conquer the world, but he still wants the Prime Minister of Great Britain to stop being childish and "face the facts"!

Berkshire Christening

Grant Patrick, son of F/Lt. and Mrs. Jack Wilson, was christened at Sunninghill, Ascot. F/Lt. Wilson is the son of Major J. P. Wilson, D.S.C., A.F.C., who won the Grand National on Double Change in 1925; and his wife was Miss Budhi Chrystal

G. W. Briggs.



A District H.Q. Staff: Caricatures by "Mel"

The caricatures in the above group are of officers on the staff of a District Headquarters in Eastern Command. From left to right the names of those standing are: Major A. C. Riley (O.C., R.A.S.C.), Lt. T. R. Parker, Capt. R. Morgan-Hughes (Edn. Officer), Capt. L. H. Tibbenham, T.D., Major H. G. Burns, M.B.E., T.D. (D.A.A. and Q.M.G.), a Lieutenant-Colonel, the Colonel Commanding, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Capt. C. V. Broadbent, M.C. (Staff Capt. "A"), Capt. R. A. Russell, R.D. (Staff Capt. "Q"), Lt. D. R. Barbour (R.E.M.E.). In front, sitting: Capt. J. D. Wright (G.S.O. III) and Sub. J. Straghan, A.T.S.

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

A Group Captain and W.A.A.F. Officers of a R.A.F. Training Unit

Sitting: Ft/O. A. H. Snell, G/Capt. G. C. Bladon, S/O. Hornsby-Smith. Standing: S/O.s J. E. Reed, M. R. Crossley, F. C. Gilam



Officers of a Surrey Battalion Home Guard

Front row: Lt. J. A. Starkie (Rating Dept.), Lt. G. C. Stedman (Gardens Dept.), Major A. W. Forsdile, O.B.E. (Town Clerk and C.D. Controller), Capt. R. H. Bisley (Deputy Treasurer and C.D. Control), Lt. E. J. Jarvis (Electrical Engineer). Back row: Lt. L. H. Kemp (Treasurer's Dept. and C.D. Control), Lt. F. O. Rorke (Warden), Lt. H. Berry (Warden)



Officers at a R.A.F. Squadron's Mess

Front row: F/Lt. Rake, F/Lt. Millar, S/Ldr. Silvestor, F/Lt. Atkinson. Middle row: F/O. Raynham, F/Lts. Riddell, Saunders, Shattock, F/O. Wall. Back row: F/Lt. Wintle, Mess Steward, F/O. Evans, F/O. Grey, P/O. Oates



Officers at a Conference at the School of A.-A. Artillery

Front row: Brig. A. J. H. Dove, Major-Gen. S. Lamplugh, Sen. Controller C. H. Fraser-Tytler, Major-Gen. F. W. H. Pratt, Gen. Sir F. A. Pile (G.O.C.-in-C., A.A. Command), Brig. R. B. Peters, Lt.-Gen. D. G. Watson (G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command), Major-Gen. R. C. Reynolds, Air Vice-Marshal J. B. Cole Hamilton, Major-Gen. F. St. D. B. Lejeune, Controller A. T. Chitty, Brig. T. Rigby. Middle row: Col. E. E. Gee, Brigs. C. O. Olliver, E. O. Martin, G. C. Gray, G. A. K. Meyer, B. P. Hughes, J. N. Ritchie, J. A. Gascoigne, Lt.-Col. G. P. Chapman. Back row: Col. A. M. Evans, Col. M. Van Voorst, Brig. V. C. Green, Air Cdre. G. H. Ambler, Lt.-Col. F. Williamson, Lt.-Col. W. F. Norris, Sen. Cdr. M. E. Meek, Lt.-Cols. J. W. Tonking, N. Carter, L. N. Cholmeley, J. H. Fell, J. W. P. Saunders



Officers of a Royal Naval Establishment in the North

Front row: E. M. Aitken, O.A.R.N.N.S., 2nd/O. I. J. Selkirk, W.R.N.S., Eng. Lt.-Cdr. P. C. Munro, R.N., Cdr. H. F. Hackett, R.N., Surg.-Cdr. M. B. Devane, R.N., Cdr. R. C. D. Grimes, R.N., Capt. A. M. Bingeman, R.N., Cdr. L. C. Windsor, R.N., Cdr. T. W. Botley, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (S) W. N. K. M. Crawford, R.N.V.R., Canon J. E. Eastwood, R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. M. Maloy, W.R.N.S., 3rd/O. L. J. Starling, W.R.N.S. Middle row: Lt.-Cdr. C. G. Powney, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lts. H. G. Greene, R.N.V.R., F. Lang, R.N.V.R., G. D. Tudor Evans, R.N.V.R., H. G. Lawrence, R.N.V.R., H. Tulloch, R.N.R., Lt.-Cdr. E. E. Simpkin, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E) W. H. Stubbings, M.B.E., R.N., Lt.-Cdr. R. T. Mills, R.N.V.R., Lt. R. Willett, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. C. E. Runley, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. J. F. Roberts, R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. B. K. Blows, W.R.N.S. Back row: Lt.-Cdr. B. A. Breche, R.N.V.R., Lt. (S) M. C. M. Jephson, R.N., Lt. H. I. P. Ryan, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. J. M. Berry, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. W. St. C. Symmers, R.N.V.R., Comd. Eng. H. E. Sweetlove, R.N., Boatswain R. M. Ley, R.N., Sub-Lt. H. H. Walker-Arnott, R.N.V.R., Comd. Boatswain S. H. Joynes, R.N.



Officers Under Instruction in a Naval Training Establishment

Front row: E. de V. H. Moreau, F.F.N., Lts. C. M. Carmichael, R.C.N.V.R., J. H. Perrin, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdrs. T. W. Prentice, R.A.N.V.R., W. A. Fuller, D.S.C., R.N.V.R. (Class Officer), T. Kleppe, R.Nor.N., Lts. J. O. L. Shelton, R.N., D. H. Wilkinson, R.N.V.R., L. J. Sampson, R.N.V.R. Back row: Petty/O. Oliver, Lts. K. R. Nair, R.I.N.V.R., J. M. Elbers, R.Neth.N., C. Jones, R.N.V.R., Lt. (Sp) F. M. Atkins, R.N.V.R. (Class Officer), Lts. J. D. Adams, R.N.V.R., W. R. Thomas, R.C.N.V.R., D. M. Chenoweth, R.C.N.V.R., J. A. Lawson, R.Neth.N., Petty/O. Henderson

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Honesty

THE distinctive thing about Godfrey Winn's war writing is its emotional honesty. I do not suggest that this quality is exclusively his—to do so would be to invalidate other war literature. I do mean that while, over a wide range, we have had a scrupulous honesty as to fact, there may have been a tendency to play down feeling. (This may come from self-protectiveness, from fear of inadequacy, from unconsciously pathetic, youthful cynicism or from sheer British shyness.) While this caution on the subject of feeling cannot fairly be called dishonesty, it tends to result in pictures of men (or women) in action that are, in the human sense, incomplete. Americans, one may notice, are less shy; there have been American war books so frankly emotional that they have not been found acceptable here. As to that, let us remember that American war books were written, primarily, for the American public; and that each nation has its own emotional pigmentation, which is as distinctive as that of the skin.

If American wartime feeling has (we may feel) been over-rendered, our British equivalent, in its fullness, might be in danger of remaining off the record if it were not for Godfrey Winn. You will, I think, agree that I need not enumerate his other and diverse qualities as a writer: remembering *On Going to the Wars* (1941), *The Hour Before the Dawn* (1942) and *Scrapbook of the War* (1943), you can no doubt number these for yourselves. He has now, at the close of 1944, given us what I should call his all-out book. There comes, in the progress of every writer, one book which is the searching test of his powers; which asks for all he has. Technique, accomplishment become secondary: this time the subject itself sounds the human depths in the man.

Home from the Sea (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.) has, in Godfrey Winn's case, been such a book. Its subject? I quote from the wrapper: "After three years as a War Correspondent, Godfrey Winn joined the Navy as an Ordinary Seaman. This is the story of his life during that period until illness invalidated him out of the Service."

"Everything"

FROM the book, here is one conversation of some importance. *Home from the Sea* is full of partings: the end of each phase of training brought good-byes to friends made in that time; and departure from Chatham Barracks means a good-bye to Sydney.

"You ought to write the whole story one day," he said. "But our part is so ordinary. We haven't been in a single battle yet. Would it interest anyone except us, the sweat and the baggage parties and the taste of sausages?" "Anyone in the Services," Sydney persisted, taking my arm. "And their folk. Especially their folk. And their kids.

Don't forget the kids. They've got to grow up. They've got to realise this time what it's really like. The boredom and the waste of it all. So that the world won't go crazy in another twenty-five years."

"But what should I put in the book?"

"Everything."

"Everything?"

"Everything that's happened to us, because that's happened to everyone. All the little things which in years to come, when we look back, will mean life in the Service, so much more than the stories of great naval actions fought at sea. You know, I've spoken to you of all this many times. You say you've finished with writing for the duration, but one day you will want to write again. Don't forget. I'll be off in the morning. Heaven knows when we will meet again. It's up to you to keep faith. They say that the world is divided into the haves and the have-nots. I think myself it is divided into those who keep faith and those who don't."

Faith was kept; for we have been given "everything"—in so far as "everything" is consistent with a clear, direct and, above all, a speaking book. Writing, of which Mr. Winn is a master, demands that what has been left out be as much understood as what has been put in: there are many things about writing that Sydney, when exacting the promise, probably did not know and the author did. It took fine technique, as well as a trueness of feeling,



Yewande

Tech. Sergt. Don Brennan and Miss Helen Harmsworth, A.T.S., were married recently. Sergt. Brennan, who flew with the R.A.F. before joining the U.S. Army Air Corps, is the author of "Never So Young Again," and he is to publish a new book, on London theatre life, in the New Year. He is the son of the late Mr. Dan Brennan and of Mrs. D. Brennan, of Minneapolis

to produce what *Home from the Sea* is—a comprehensive picture of the everyday life of the lower-deck in wartime; of what men (former civilians) feel—first training to go to sea, then at sea, with the Royal Navy—and why they feel just that.

First we have the training-ship H.M.S. Ganges; then Chatham Barracks; then the experiences of a "transit rating" in search of his first ship. Then a series of Arctic patrols in a County-class cruiser. This route, with its perils and rigours, was not new to Mr. Winn, who had already sailed to Russia on his last assignment as war correspondent. In the last part of *Home from the Sea*, he has, therefore, kept the spotlight less on the action than on the men.

He had left much behind (indeed, his own story gains by its bizarre contrasts with former existences). But so, he felt, had they all. The backgrounds of many men's lives—revealed in snatches of talk—emerge clearly. You must be struck, as I was, by his keen sense of human (rather than abstractly "social") justice. If democracy is to mean anything, it must be a real way of living, a real way of feeling, not just a creed or a slogan. . . . I cannot forget one remark; which seems an inherent part of the book's philosophy, and to which the book by its character gives point. It was Mr. J. L. Garvin's. Garvin said to the author: "All experience in life turns either to the making of happiness or character." It is a thought to hug to ourselves in wartime: look at experience that way, and nothing goes quite to waste.

(Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE an uncomfortable suspicion that, as a nation, we are getting far too queue-minded. This queue business is, I fear, definitely undermining our national character for initiative and independence—like being on our very best behaviour too frequently and for too long. I hardly dared post a letter the other day because a small group of women were "nattering" near a pillar-box. Should I push them aside and post my letter, I asked myself. If they were a "queue," I should immediately be placed in the disgraceful position of cheating, treachery and a hidden desire to lose the war. So I kept my letter in my pocket and forgot to post it for days.

Again, in Upper Regent Street I wished to enter a boot-shop, but found six people standing outside. Never, never, I cried to myself, shall it be said that I stood in a queue for bootlaces. So I crossed the road, only to discover, when I looked back, that the people had been merely waiting for a bus. Next time, however, I was determined to make certain before I allowed my hatred of queueing to get the better of me. Waiting for a No. 2 outside Victoria Station, I politely raised my hat to the only young woman who seemed to be waiting likewise, and asked: "Excuse me, Madam—but are you a queue?" Whereupon, she gave me a look as if I represented mud about to strike her best frock, and said: "Let me tell you, you Dirty Old Man! I'm waiting for my feongsay!" At which I did indeed feel like mud—and had to walk as far as the next Request Stop, misunderstood and humiliated.

Worst of all, I have a vague suspicion that every time Whitehall sees a queue it goes all whoopee? That, I seem to hear

them chortle to each other, is the kind of mind which will let us keep our jobs for ever and make post-war planning, whatever it may be, as easy as thaw-drops running down an icicle. So we shall develop into myriads of queueers queueing by instinct; that same instinct urging us to look alike, think alike, live alike and, worst of all, act alike, with scarcely a kick left in us which is not accomplished on word of command. Drake, I am sure, would never have gone west if he had had to fill up innumerable forms. Nor would Columbus ever have discovered America, or nearabouts, if before sailing he had had to wait in the lobbies of innumerable Government Departments, standing up every time a door opened.

I quite agree that the future for all of us looks rosy, but I wish it didn't look quite so dull! Up to a point, freedom of action seems to be as important as freedom of thought. I should not like to be young and vigorous again in a world where I dare scarcely move unless Parliament moves me along. I don't want to be ushered in everywhere my inclination urges me to go. I yearn at times to do a bit of gate-crashing on my own account. I may, of course, land on salvage, but I am sure my soul will have benefited by the crash. At a cursory glance the only leap the future promises a man is the facility to leap away from his wife. (Looking, however, at the list of divorces there seems to be a queue waiting even for that!) Thus the Adventurous, the Buccaneer in spirit, will have to let off steam by continually travelling by railway—where, up to the time of writing, push-as-push-can still gets the first-class standing-room near the lavatory door!

Good Causes And Their Supporters



Planning a Film Premiere

An "At Home" was held recently in connection with the Gala premiere of the film "Wilson," at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on January 4th, in aid of the T.O.C. H. War Services Fund. Above is the Earl of Clarendon with the Countess of Abingdon, chairman of the committee

Right: At the "Wilson" premiere "At Home" was Mrs. John Dewar, seen here talking to Lady Lowther



The Duchess of Sutherland as Chairman of a Film Committee

The Duchess of Sutherland (standing) was chairman of the organising committee of the premiere of "Frenchman's Creek," held on December 21st, in aid of Stage Door Canteen. Lady Midleton, Maud Duchess of Wellington and Mrs. Madge Clark were on the committee. It was the first time the Duchess had acted in this capacity



The Victoria League Committee at Home

The Duchess of Devonshire (right) gave an "At Home" for Dominion and Colonial Service men, women and students, to meet the executive committee of the Victoria League and their friends. She is seen with Mr. E. K. Scallon, Acting High Commissioner for South Africa, and his wife



A Victory Association Luncheon Held in London

Air Comdt. Lady Welsh, Director of the W.A.A.F., and General Sir Walter Kirk were at the luncheon, which was held in support of the appeal for funds to provide a club in London

Mrs. Laughton-Mathews, Director of the W.R.N.S., sat next to Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck. It is hoped to raise £1,000,000 for the benefit of ex-Service men and women

The President and Council of the Victory (ex-Services) Association gave a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel not long ago. Lady Louis Mountbatten and the Marquess of Carisbrooke were present

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 393)

Lady Zia Wernher was referring to her shopping-list as she hurried into a shop, wearing her Red Cross uniform; Major-General Miles Graham and Mrs. Graham were together; Viscountess Lambton, Lady Durham's step-daughter-in-law, had her miniature dachshund accompanying her around the shops; and Lady Smith-Dorrien, was off to a bazaar to buy some of her Christmas presents there.

Roundabout

MANY well-known Scots people have been in town: amongst them Sir Alexander Seton, who was lunching at the May Fair with his brother, film-star Major Bruce Seton. It would be hard to find two people who know more about Scotland's romantic history than Sir Alexander, or "Sandy," as he is to his countless friends, and his brother. One of the most treasured possessions of the Seton family is a family-tree which numbers amongst many illustrious Setons the beautiful Mary Seton, who was one of Mary Queen of Scots' Four Marys.

Another Scot in the restaurant was Mrs. Stewart Fotheringham, of Murthly, who was lunching with Captain "Jock" MacGregor, of Dalguise. Murthly Castle is one of Scotland's loveliest show places, standing as it does in thick pinewoods overlooking one of the grandest reaches of the Tay, famous not only for its beauty but also for the magnificence of its salmon.

Round the Theatres

IN spite of fog, the first night of Frederick Lonsdale's play, *Another Love Story*, was a crowded, happy affair, with many women enlivening the somewhat sombre colours of wartime clothes by wearing sequin-covered veils over their hair which scintillated round the house when the lights were lowered.

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton was in the house to see her mother, Zena Dare, playing the part of the frivolous Long Island hostess; Phyllis Dare was also there; Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, who had their granddaughter with them, were in their customary front-row stalls; Sir Patrick Hastings seemed to be enjoying the show; so did Heather Thatcher, Lady Colefax, Margaretta Scott and Noel Coward.

A big feature of the Christmas shows in town is the fairy-tale written by Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon, presented by Robert Donat at the St. James's Theatre last Friday. It is *The Glass Slipper*, and is the story of Cinderella but without the accepted conventions of pantomime and with a full-scale Harlequinade. At His Majesty's Theatre Adele Dixon is principal boy in *Babes in the Wood*; *Goody Two-Shoes* is filling the Coliseum; *Cinderella*, at the Winter Garden, has Bobby Howes, Binnie Hale and Hermione Baddeley to keep the fun fast and furious; and, at the Palace, *Alice in Wonderland*, with Peggy Cummins as Alice.



Franco-Irish Wedding

The marriage of Dr. Michael French-O'Carroll, of Dublin, and Mlle. Renée de Laforcade, daughter of the French Minister in Eire, took place in Dublin last November



Wife and Son of Albania's Liberator

Mrs. Davy, seen here with her son, Christopher, is the wife of Brigadier G. M. O. Davy, who comes from Yorkshire. In October 1943, Brigadier Davy led the mission to liberate Albania, landing with a complete staff and orders from Gen. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson "to kill the Germans"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

And Then?

ROBERT HENRIQUES's novel, *The Journey Home* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), is so alike in title to Godfrey Winn's real-life chronicle that it might seem confusing to review both on the same day. But the two books, though in ways they diverge widely, seem somehow to complement one another: both gained (at least, for me) rather than lost by being read in the same week. I passed from sailors still at sea and at war to soldiers demobilised and returning home. Returning in what mood, and to what?

The Journey Home is, I think, the first demobilisation novel. Its time is the first Christmas of peace—still imperfect peace, for, though we have defeated Germany, we are still at war with Japan. The action takes place in a few days; and the vast general problem has been crystallised into the relationship between three people—the girl Jane and two brothers, David and Robert Sloane. Jane herself is among the returning thousands: as a nurse, she has been with the Forces abroad. Both David and Robert have reached England before her. She and the Sloanes had grown up together as neighbours in a Cotswold valley; and Jane, before war sent them to different ends of the earth, had been engaged to David, whom she loves with her whole being. David Sloane is more than the man Jane loves—as a unique spirit, poet and thinker, David is (or has been) the hope of his generation: on all sorts of lips she has heard his name.

David Sloane, wounded in the head, has been invalidated out of the Army with a brilliant record. Dreadful, vague reports of "a change" in him—from her aunt, his brother, the brain specialist who has David's case in hand—meet Jane on her arrival in London. Already Robert, the formerly dimmer, secondary brother, is being compelled by the world to wear David's mantle, to attempt to keep David's broken faith with a generation, to continue the work from which David has turned away.

Let me make clear that *The Journey Home* is, above all, not a mere triangular love-story. The trio, the girl and the two brothers, are vital and important human beings; but it is the returning soldiers, with their mystique of comradeship, their strange, suspended apartness from the England to which they have come back, who are the novel's main subject. With four of them—Bill, Joe, Ginger and Charlie—Jane, on the last stage of her homeward way, has travelled from London in a packed, pre-Christmas train. And of them she now speaks to David:

"It was just that this group of soldiers, a family, you see—a sergeant, a corporal, and a couple of men—they . . . they seemed to carry their home with them; wherever they went was home; wherever they went, they set up their home in a strange land, Libya, Tunis, Sicily, Italy—now it was England! It just didn't matter where they found themselves. It was strange, you see, but it was home. And now they really were home . . . well, it just didn't make any difference; it was just the same as it had been all the time, as we'd always seen it . . ."

"Of course, of course," said David excitedly. . . . He turned and spoke from beyond the candlelight: "That's just what's happened! The soldiers returning aren't just individual men coming back to their homes. Their homes have become a dream so much desired and so flawless that it can't ever come true. And their old life, the home they built to take with them wherever they went, that remains, substantial and somehow secure whatever else happens. And, you see . . ."

How far is there a flaw, a distortion, in David's vision? Is this the "change"? To all intents and purposes, he has, since his wound, embraced purely physical, almost brutish, solitary country living. To disturb this—by appeals for leadership, by appeals for love—may be cruel; or, still worse, dangerous. War has done much to the Sloane brothers: most of all, it has made them exchange roles. . . . Major Henriques has written a strange, disturbing, powerful novel, which, for all its beauty, is an ordeal to read. That it should be read, and by all, I do not doubt.

Interrupted Idyll

"THE BLACK HONEYMOON," by Conyth Little (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), is one more in that fine, crazy, hair-raising "Black" series with which Miss Little has made an esteemed name. The heroine, well up to standard in charm and pertness, embarks on a wartime honeymoon after a whirlwind courtship, to find herself more or less overtly charged with murder. Owing to lack of funds, the young couple have moved in on Aunt Violet, whose macabre mansion should have been roomy enough. Unhappily, owing to their financial crisis, a pack of the bridegroom's relatives had moved in too. Bat-witted family quarrels are punctuated by further outbursts of crime. I enjoyed myself; as with Conyth Little I seldom fail to do.

Trubshaw

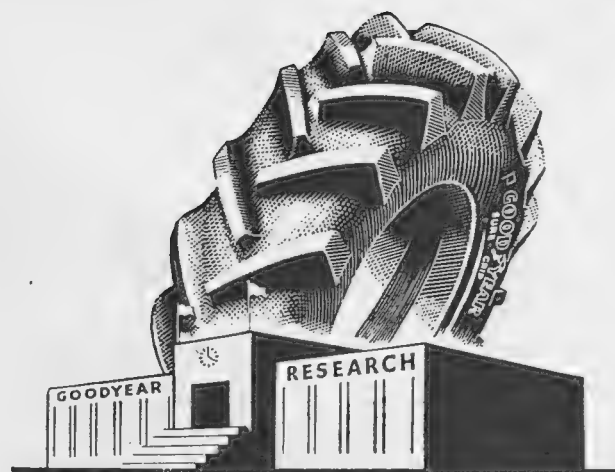
WHILE *Enter Trubshaw* (Collins; 6s.) was still in the press, its author, Ian Fenwick, was killed in action. This beloved, ferocious, humorous artist, whose drawings, in these pages and elsewhere, have given so much delight, could have no fitter memorial than the present book. *Trubshaw* will give us a laughing Christmas—which is surely what Major Ian Fenwick would wish. A particular tie binds us to those who have made us laugh, who have pulled life up to the sublime level of comedy. I can add no word to these drawings, and you would not want me to. I hope there may be enough copies to go round.

ESTB. 1742

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE cashier of the Louisville, Kentucky, *Courier-Journal* in the days of the famous editor, Henry Watterson, was in a perpetual dither, for he faced the daily problem of a shortage in his cash drawer. Whenever the editor felt the need, he would fill his pocket from the till and be off without consulting any one.

One day, with the cashier in tow, the business manager appeared before Mr. Watterson's desk. "It isn't that we object to your taking the money," the manager explained, "but it would help keep the record straight if you would note the amount taken on a slip of paper, initial it and leave it in the drawer." The editor grudgingly agreed.

That afternoon Watterson entered the cashier's cage, busied himself at the till, scribbled a note on a piece of paper, placed it in the drawer and hurried out. Hardly had he quit the cage before the cashier and business manager were at the till. In the drawer emptied of cash, lay a note. It said: "I took it all. H.W."

THE officer asked: "If the corporal on my left were to faint, what would you do?"

"Let him smell the brandy, sir," said the R.A.M.C. Tommy.

"And if that failed—what then?"

"Then," said the Tommy, "I'd tell 'im I was goin' to drink it, sir."

AN Oriental story tells of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbour. His reply was that he was in need of the rope just then.

"Shall you need it a long time?" asked the neighbour.

"I think I shall," replied the owner, "as I'm going to tie up some sand with it."

"Tie up sand!" exclaimed the would-be borrower. "I don't see how you can do that!"

"Oh, you can do almost anything with a rope when you don't want to lend it!" was the reply.

A RATHER stout young fellow, who was training to be an officer, failed in an examination on "tactics." This riled his instructor, who called him aside to give the usual slating.

"You seem to be better fed than taught, young man," he said, sarcastically.

"That's easily explained, sir," replied the candidate. "You see, you do the teaching, but I feed myself."

"By Jove, my dear, you're simply ripping!" enthused the member of the R.A.F. at a Services dance in New York.

"Oh, goodness, where?" asked his companion, horrified.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me, my dear. By ripping, I mean splendid, grand, gorgeous. You see, in England the term covers a lot of things."

"Is that so? Well, over here, it uncovers a lot of things."

"I LOVE your daughter very dearly, sir," said the young man, earnestly. "I would suffer deeply if I ever caused her a moment's unhappiness."

"You certainly would," grunted her old man, "that girl is her mother all over again, and I know!"



Vivienne

Angela Wyndham Lewis, who is the daughter of THE TATLER wit, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and of Mrs. J. B. Priestley, is playing Wendy in this year's "Peter Pan" at the Stoll Theatre. The play has family associations for her, for in her childhood she spent many happy hours with the author, James M. Barrie, who was godfather to her brother Thomas. Angela's last appearance on the London stage was in "How Are They At Home?" the play written by her stepfather, J. B. Priestley, for our forces overseas

predominating. Every one aboard was tired and just a little irritated until the resigned voice of a civilian in the back boomed out loud and clear:—

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Helico-London

SOME of the plans for the London of the future show aerodromes scattered round the boundary. The aerodromes, in fact, encircle the city with its satellite towns. None of the plans I have seen suggests any kind of roof aerodrome or helicopter park. In short, the planners have assumed that all the talk about helicopters is nothing but talk and they have clung to the pre-war view that the roof aerodrome for ordinary fixed-wing machines is impracticable. I believe they are wrong. I believe that the helicopter is going to provide a kind of town-taxi. I believe that the roof aerodrome is practical and that it would fit in with a rationally planned city. Obviously our planners are not air-minded. They do not consider aviation as something to be taken into serious account when devising their schemes. Yet if, instead of taking hansom cabs as the starting point (which they seem to have done), one takes aircraft, one can arrange about them a city at least as livable-in and much more rational and efficient.

Annular Aerodromes

MY solution would be radical. It would involve a large, circular roof-top aerodrome covering a central region where theatres, restaurants and some shops would be arranged. The aerodrome would not only be on the roofs; but it would in itself be a roof. We have seen the way in which the more advanced shops provide their customers with what amounts to a covered-in pavement from department to department. We can be certain that the men and women of the future will not put up with going out from a lit and warmed restaurant into a rainy street in order to go to the theatre. They will demand a large covered-in region. Personally I am an open-air fiend. I do not want to be covered in. But there is no mistaking the general trend and it is the general trend that is making headway over the individual. The movement towards overall shelter has been clearly defined ever since the open-top bus gave way to the closed top.

So there is the central region; a place where shops, restaurants and theatres are clustered together underneath a roof made by an aircraft landing ground. Then there are the satellite regions. These would be separated from the central region by one of those much talked about but little seen "green belts." It would be a genuine green belt, with woods and open fields, not merely a refuse dump for old cans and broken bottles. It would offer a sufficient area per person to protect it from fouling with refuse. Between the central region and the satellite towns there would be underground roads and underground railways. No roads or railways would be permitted over the ground, for they are the prime cause of spoliation. There would be only three different routes between the central region and the satellite towns: by underground railway, by underground road or by air. The satellite towns would be built up and not out. And if anybody tells me that the English soil is not suited to skyscrapers, I shall give him instructions in how it could be done. Around these groups of four or five extremely tall buildings would be an annular aerodrome.

Commuting

THERE would be the picture. Green where you want it, covered-in pavements where you want them. A fine outlook from the home flats over open ground; and the means of rapid travel by railway, by car or by aeroplane between central region and satellite town.

This is the obviously rational development of a city served by modern transport means. But that city will not be built for the simple reason that the inertia of existing built-up areas is too great. All the plans are bittings up of existing dumps. No one dares to propose the radical plan because they know that it would at once be dismissed as "visionary" and impracticable. So I suppose we shall continue to house in hotch-potch buildings the millions who slave night and day to earn enough money to get right away from the hotch-potch buildings.

But even the compromise schemes to which I fear we shall eventually be committed ought to try and use helicopters. They do not want much in the way of landing platforms. Even the most cautious planner might at least arrange to accommodate them and to provide one additional means of town travel.

Faith and Ministries

MUCH of the support that is given to the idea of state-run air lines is based on the view that the state always acts in accordance with the desires of most good citizens—that the state is law-abiding and benevolent. A good instance of the opposite was given the other day when a noted landowner accused an agricultural executive committee of an illegal act which he characterized as "bestial." It was the laying in the open of steel traps. Nobody attempted to say that it was legal; nobody attempted to deny that it is a form of bestial cruelty. Not one shred of evidence was advanced that it was necessary. Yet it was a state act, sponsored and supported by a Ministry. How can those who put their faith in state air lines justify it? I believe that state air lines would be incompetent, inefficient, expensive and as obnoxious to most people as this above-mentioned act.



Anglo-American Wedding

Lieutenant Pamela Notley, A.T.S., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil D. Notley, of Firethorn Farm, Ewhurst, Surrey, who appeared in Leslie Howard's film, "The Gentle Sex," was married recently to Lieutenant James P. Wilt, U.S. Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilt, of 1239 West Main Street, Troy, Ohio. Lieutenant Wilt pilots a Dakota and took part in the Arnhem landings.



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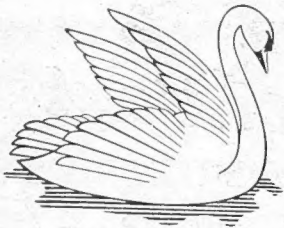


Without attempting to trace the historic beginnings of braces and belts, we can say with reasonable certainty that men never discarded both with safety until we introduced flannel trousers with the flexway waistband. After that, the war came and everything flexible disappeared. But the glory of the flexway device lives on. Rest assured that it will return, together with all the other civilizing details which, put together, made, and will remake, the Austin Reed Service.

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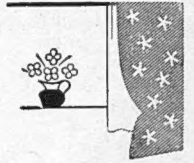
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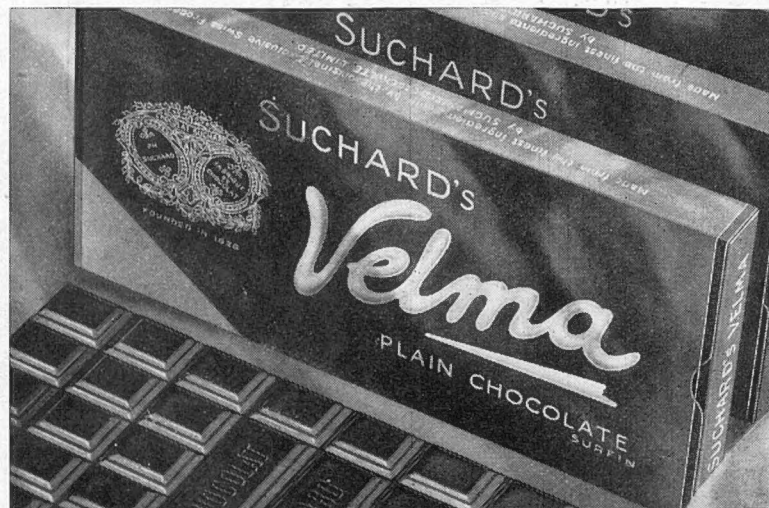
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Many and varied are the traditions surrounding the drinking of the King's health in military messes. A goodly number of regiments do not toast His Majesty: others give the toast only on guest nights. So far from implying disrespect, this omission of the toast is really a mark of honour. Time was in the turbulent days when Jacobitism was still rife, when all officers were commanded to drink the King's health. But on dining in the messes of certain regiments the earlier Georges, graciously saying that the loyalty of the assembled officers was beyond question, granted the privilege of omitting the toast.

Whether the toast is honoured or not, however, is no indication of past loyalty, but due rather to the accident of a casual visit from the monarch.

One of the most striking rituals is that, of The Gloucester Regiment—the old 28th Foot. Varying the usual formula when the President rising says "Mr. Vice the King," and the Vice President responds "Gentlemen, the King," the Vice President replies "Mr. President, the King" and no-one else speaks. The origin of this custom goes back to the Peninsular war when at the end of the day's fighting only two officers remained alive to honour the toast.

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